

Puech

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Puck

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AT IT AGAIN.

UNCLE SAM (*to N. Y. SENSATION PRESS*).—Calm down, Sonny—you could n't kill the World's Fair, and you can't scare me!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING
DR. BRIGGS AND
HIS CHURCH.

THE CONVICTION of Dr. Briggs, by an overwhelming majority of the Presbyterian General Assembly, of having promulgated unorthodox teachings, ends a three years' conflict between that gentleman and his Church. His persistence in declaring his innocence of that taint of reason which the Presbyterian Church has agreed to call "heresy" has caused his consistency to be often questioned. His wish to continue to preach a creed to which he was frankly opposed can be defended only upon the ground of an unselfish solicitude for the dignity and welfare of the Church in whose service he had worked so long. He must have been tempted many times to renounce the creed he had outgrown, for, nowadays, when a minister breaks with his creed and proves that the rupture is due to his sense of its inadequacy, he is eagerly welcomed by the hordes of creedless Christians who are glad to give him as broad a field for his scholarship as for his Christianity. Dr. Briggs must have held on because he felt that the defects of Presbyterian theology could best be remedied from the inside. This theory must also explain the anomalous course of those of the one hundred and sixteen supporters of Dr. Briggs who elect to remain in the Church until they, too, are driven out. The main body of the Presbyterian Church is, of course, as far from any appreciation of this spirit of loyalty as it is from a Christ-like theory of Christianity.

* * *

The conviction of Dr. Briggs seems to have been a foregone conclusion. The Assembly was "packed" to this end with men who have been narrowly educated to regard "higher criticism" and "blasphemy" as synonymous terms. The impression of the convicting majority is that Dr. Briggs is an enemy of the Bible and the Church; that he is heading a movement to destroy all churches and all existing copies of the Bible, preliminary to banishing Christianity from the world. Here are some of the comments of those who voted to oust him:

"I stand by my honor, and I am willing, if the little true-blue flag goes down, to go down with it."

"I can not see how any man can disbelieve in Christ and yet be a Presbyterian."

"It is the skeptics who are pleased with the teachings of Dr. Briggs. I can not give up my Bible."

"We are not trying Dr. Briggs, but the word of God."

"We must stamp out this higher criticism or it will stamp us out."

"The Bible invites the most searching criticism."

Throughout the trial these men have shown that they are as ignorant of what they are fighting as were the people of Israel when they crucified Christ for heresy. They have shown blind passion, hot-headed partisanship, and, very often, a perversion of the words of Dr. Briggs so gross as to seem willful. Thus, one Presbyterian said that Dr. Briggs had "accused God of telling an untruth." We should certainly never uphold Dr.

PUCK.

Briggs in any such scandalous course, and we are glad the charge was not proven. We think this man is typical of the convicting majority. He is a good, gray-whiskered old gentleman, with a stern, smooth-shaven upper lip. He makes long prayers in which he assures the Almighty of his perfect faith that He is a God of wrath. In his spare moments he tries to picture to himself the various heating appliances with which Hell is fitted up for the proper reception of heretics and other sinners. He has probably devised, unconsciously, several improved furnaces. There was one old Elder, though, who said he "knew nothing about theology and thanked God that he did not." We are just heretical enough to believe that the Almighty patted this old gentleman on the back when he said that. It does not seem to have occurred to the Moderator, who was chiefly remarkable for his immoderateness, nor to the members of this remarkable body, that there was anything sacrilegious, or even incongruous, in opening their proceedings with prayer.

* * *

The Presbyterian Church is just now in the position of a man who, having a deadly poison in his stomach, refuses an emetic because of its unpleasant taste. You must believe that the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, was either written, dictated or edited by God. This is the one essential. If you find immorality in the Old and inaccuracy in the New Testament, you are a sinner, even though you still accept the Bible, as does Dr. Briggs, as "the infallible rule of faith and practice." You must not believe that it is "human in its misconceptions and divine only in its truth." Now, to the great body of rational Christians, of whom we believe Dr. Briggs to be one, the "inspiration" of the scriptures is not only non-essential but it is absolutely unimportant; for the Bible, so long as it lacks God's autograph, will be accepted by them only so far as it appeals to Reason, concerning whose source there is no dispute. Christ has lived for two thousand years, not as the "Son of God," or the "Son of Man" or the "Son of David," but as the founder of the Christian religion. He was divine in the breadth and purity of his life, and, in the eyes of the rationalist, supernatural birth adds no lustre to his name. Whether he was the son of God or the son of Joseph, he gave the world the best rule of human conduct it has ever known. This miserable wrangling among those who have kept the shell and cast away the kernel of Christianity only shows how ill-adapted is human nature to the perfect religion of Christ. Man has chained it in creeds that distort it to fit every angle of his little nature. The one proof of its worth is that we can excavate it from the rubbish of creeds under which the centuries have buried it, and find its symmetry unimpaired. Presbyterians are not fighting for Christianity, but for the mere dogma in which they have dressed it—the same old fight that sometimes makes a Martin Luther and sometimes an Ingersoll. The spirit they have mainly exhibited is as far from the spirit of Christ as the Westminster confession is from the Sermon on the Mount. They fight the application of reason to religion as the black sun-worshiper would fight astronomy. They have shown their religion to be not a rudder but a figure-head. Some day, perhaps, Christianity will complete its revolution and get back to the simple perfection in which it came, in that little corner of the old East, from its sublime Founder, who had no creed, required no confession of faith and did not quarrel about his ancestry. Until then, and so long as heresy hunters continue the ghastly parody on Christianity, religion and morality must continue to be widely separated sciences. In the meantime we have good reason to hope, with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," that "the tariff of Heaven has an *ad valorem* scale for us all"—even for poor John Calvin, whose dyspepsia made him believe that God sends the souls of dead babies to Hell.

NOTICE.

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PENELOPE'S EYES.

(As seen by Penelope's Rival.)

THE WORLD is full of wondrous freaks
Man can not understand;
We come across them every day
Upon our every hand.

The one I deem the strangest one,
When all is done and said,
Is how Pen's eyes can seem so deep
Set in her shallow head.

"NONE SO BLIND," ETC.

"I can't see that the streets are so very dirty," remarked the Commissioner.

"Neither can I, with these frightful clouds of dust in my eyes," retorted the groaning taxpayer.

WHEN NATURE wants to be disagreeable she is ingenious about it. Mud turns the black shoe yellow, and the yellow shoe black.

IN THE shape of Summer ice we often find water much "higher than its source."

THE GREATEST prize in prize-fighting is found by the boxer at the box-office.



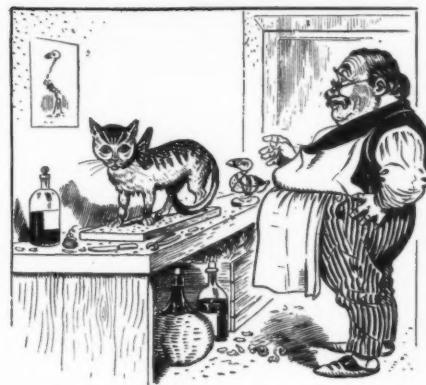
A COWARDLY COMPROMISE.

MRS. BEACH.—Run, 'Dolph, run! You are n't afraid, are you?
ADOLPH.—No, I ain't; but my teet's too scared to run.

ONLY EIGHT LIVE'S LEFT.



MAIDEN (*in choking voice*).—Yes; he was my beloved pet. I wish him stuffed and mounted.



TAXIDERMIST.—Now, that's what I call a work of art.



THE BELOVED PET.—Yes; here I am. I sneaked out when that butcher was n't looking. I feel kinder strange-like in my insides, though.

ESTIMATING PUBLIC TASTE.

"What do you think of my play, Charley?"
"It ought to have a good, long metropolitan run."
"What makes you so confident?"
"Well, it's several times worse than "Hazel Kirke" and "A Trip to Chinatown."



ALARMING SYMPTOMS.

MRS. COHNSTEIN.—Lemline, I'm afraid Ikey is sick.
MR. COHNSTEIN.—Vy, vat is der matter?
MRS. COHNSTEIN.—He lays in der gradle all day and don't dake no interest in anything.
MR. COHNSTEIN.—Vat! don't dake no interest? Mine Gracious, he must be teadt!

A LITERAL BELIEF.

TEN BROKE.—I wish I had n't married such an orthodox woman.
ASKIT.—Does your wife make you go to church?
TEN BROKE.—No; but she holds to the Biblical theory of the creation. Seems to think I'm made of "dust."



WHO SCOFFS AT "SIGNS?"

SHE (*reading letter*).—How I miss you, darling, from the old haunts! Every winding path, every shady nook is eloquent of your absence; every rustle of the leaves, every sigh of the soft wind, every twitter of the little birds speaks to me of you—" How funny! and my right ear has been burning ever since I left him.

A LORD OF CREATION.

RUMSON.—Vessiree; I'm master in my own house; I can tell you that!

FRIEND.—When you and your wife don't agree what you do?

RUMSON.—Do? I get so mad I just let her have her own way to spite myself for marrying her.

HANDICAPPED.

QUILPIN.—I fear I shall never get on in literature.
FRIEND.—Cheer up; you will get something accepted before long.
QUILPIN.—Oh, you don't know how I am handicapped! The editors feel for me, but they are powerless.
FRIEND.—What is the trouble?
QUILPIN.—Alas! I have no middle name.

A COLD CUT.

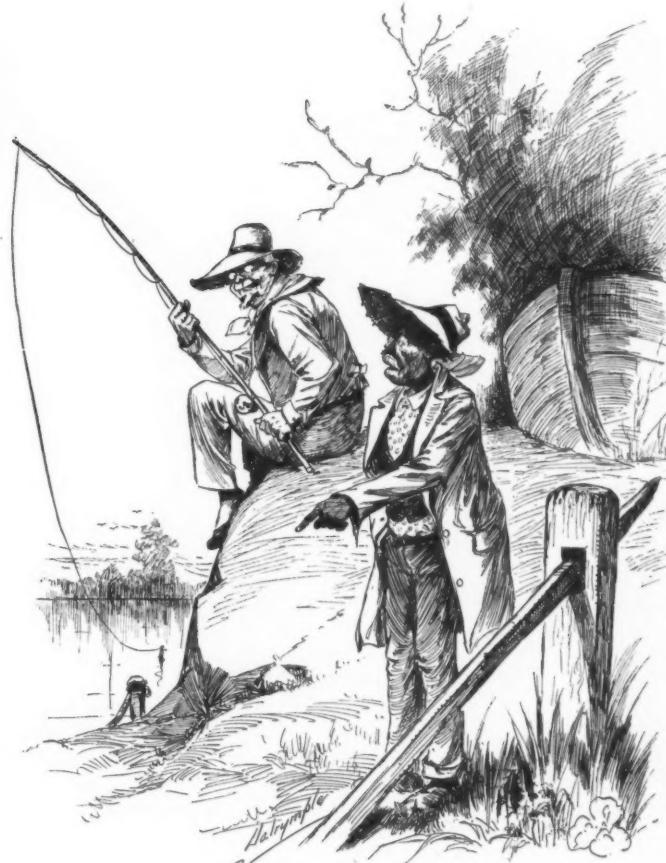
STOKES.—The cashier of the Bullion Bank is awfully stuck up. He passed me without bowing to-day.
MALTBY.—Have you ever met him?
STOKES.—N-o; but I was talking with him for half an hour over the telephone yesterday.

TO THE DIALECT POET.

Oh, poet *fin du siècle*!
Thou happy, happy man,
Whose bubble, reputation,
Is blown from Pipes o' Pan!

The public raves about you,
Your verses, how they sell!
And if the grammar's bad enough
Your pipes pan out quite well.

Carolyn Wells.



A FRUITLESS QUEST.

COLORED PARTY.—What yo' fishin' fo', boss?
FISHERMAN (*carelessly*).—Oh, just for recreation.
COLORED PARTY.—Well, yo' won't ketch none. Dere's nuffin in dat creek 'ceptin' mud-eels an' suckers.



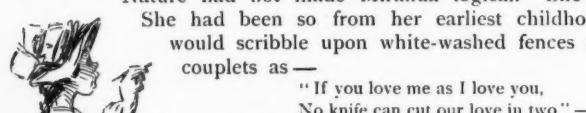
PROFESSOR JOHN STUART WHATELY JONES had a logical mind. He could not help it. In fact, he did not wish to help it. He had come to glory in it, and so he deliberately strode into love with Miranda Myrtle. A man like John Stuart Whately Jones could not by any possible stretch of imagination be said to fall in love. The process of his going into the tender passion was very beautiful to see. He loved Miranda Myrtle because he had to. Logic compelled him to, and logic was his religion.

He was Professor of Logic, Moral and Mental Philosophy in that famous retreat of learning known as the Lingmore Academy for Young Ladies. Teaching young women logic, the art of reasoning, is a noble occupation. Prof. Jones was sometimes overcome with a sense of the glory of his calling, and he never had the faintest suspicion that his could be the voice of one crying in the wilderness. He never even suspected that Miss Ogleby, for instance, was guilty of mild humor at the expense of his smooth countenance, when she gave him as an example of syllogism this:

"Men have beards."
"Prof. Jones is a man."
"Therefore, Prof. Jones has a beard."

He kindly pointed out to the young lady the danger of sound reasoning on false premises, and proceeded on his even way toward the glorious goal of an incontrovertible Q. E. D. He felt that he had reached that goal in Miranda Myrtle. And that is what this story is about.

Nature had not made Miranda logical. She was poetical. She had been so from her earliest childhood, when she would scribble upon white-washed fences such touching couplets as—



"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two"—

and then go away with her eyes full of tears, and her soul full of a deep, unutterable yearning. As she grew older her taste for poetry increased, and she began to read the immortal works of Mr. Thomas Moore, and, finally, at the age of eighteen, indulged in orgies of blissful shudder over the seethings of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne. Having saturated herself with the teachings of such men, Miranda decided that there was only one thing worth living for—love—and she determined that she would hold herself in readiness to love the very first man who gave her an opportunity. It is not difficult to fancy the emotional typhoon which permeated Miranda's gentle being when she first detected signs of affinity in Professor Jones. He requested her to remain one morning after recitation. He had paused several times in the course of the lesson and looked over his glasses with troubled eyes. Now, as she stood before him, he gazed at her earnestly.

"Yes," he murmured, as if she were an abstract proposition incapable of hearing; "yes, it is flaxen hair. There can be no doubt about that."

He continued to gaze at her until she said with some confusion:

"Are you quite through with me, sir?"
"Yes, yes," he said with a start; "you may go."

After she had disappeared, he was again lost in thought. Almost unconsciously he picked up his pencil and scribbled on a sheet of paper:

"I admire flaxen hair."
"Miranda Myrtle has flaxen hair."

For a long time he gazed at these two lines; and then, heaving a deep sigh, he added:

"I admire Miranda Myrtle's hair."

He gazed long at the completed syllogism, and, breathing another deep sigh, folded the paper and put it in an inside pocket, where it became, in the course of time, nothing but mere rags of logic.

As for Miranda, she went away into a quiet Summer-house overlooking the creek, which passed itself off as a river in Lingmore, and had more thrills than she had known since she first read the "Triumph of Time." She repeated over and over again his words, "Yes, it is flaxen hair; there can be no doubt about that." There could be no doubt as to their meaning; he had discovered a charm, and it was troubling his spirit. At dinner she watched him; but his hair was not unkempt, and he ate pie. Her hour had not yet come.

But, oh, joy! the next day he again called her to him and repeated his long gaze. And again he murmured words which smote upon her senses like the voicing of flutes.

"Yes," he said; "yes, her nose is *retroussé*!"

And when he had dismissed her, he drew up another syllogism:

"I admire a *retroussé* nose."
"Miranda Myrtle has a *retroussé* nose."
"I admire Miranda Myrtle's nose."

He marked that "No. 2," and put it in the inner pocket with the flaxen syllogism of the previous day, not omitting the sigh. And again Miranda slipped into the Summer-house and had some more thrills, deeper and thrillier than those of the first day. This time she even read a few of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and said to herself:

"Shall these soon be my own songs?"

And she determined that they should. She began to have hopes that her opportunity to love was at hand, and she resolved that hers should be a passion such as no poet ever dared to dream.

And the third day was like to the first and second. Again Prof. Jones called her to him, gazed at her and murmured. This time it was thus:

"She has a dazzlingly fair complexion; there is no possibility of doubt on that point."

And when she had gone he wrote out syllogism No. 3:

"I admire a fair complexion."
"Miranda Myrtle's complexion is dazzlingly fair."
"I admire Miranda Myrtle's complexion."

And Miranda went down to her sacred temple of a maiden's fancy and let her thrills have their own sweet will in caressing her soul with gentle squeezes. She now began to be more than hopeful. She indulged in soft imaginings, and began to mark passages in the sonnets which applied to her case.

She dismissed from her attention the wailings of Mr. Swinburne's rejected ones, and, when she was not thrilling on Mrs. Browning's sonnets, she shuddered ecstatically over the mad loves of Medora and Haidee.

Thus it went on day by day, until Professor John Stuart Whately Jones, sitting in his study one evening, drew from his inner pocket a small collection of syllogisms and spread them on the table before him. He gazed at them long and earnestly. Then he arose and strode up and down the room for several minutes.

"I am afraid," he said, aloud, "I am afraid there is no escape from it. The conclusion is inevitable."

He went and sat down once more at his table. He drew a large sheet of paper before him, and from the collection of syllogisms copied the following general premise:

"I admire Miranda Myrtle's (1) hair; (2) nose; (3) complexion; (4) eyes; (5) mouth; (6) teeth; (7) ears; (8) hands; (9) chin; (10) feet; (11) figure."

"The whole is the sum of all its parts."

"I adore Miranda Myrtle."

"Then," he said, "all that admiration amounts to adoration. I adore this girl; I can't get out of it. The logic of the thing is impregnable. Now, if I adore this girl, I've got to ask her to be my wife. That's the logical outcome of adoration for a girl. Yes, that's it; I've got to do it, or else all my years of study have been a delusion, and my science is a mockery."

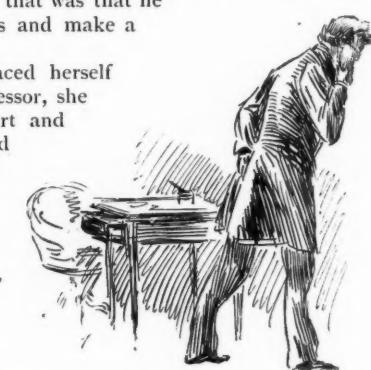
Now, far be it from me to insinuate that there was any flaw in the Professor's original premises. If some of the other girls in the school said that Miranda's hair was the color of flax after it is made into linen; that her complexion was as fair as bread before it is baked; that her nose was of the same breed as Mrs. Pettigrew's fat, asthmatic, yellow dog; that her gray eyes were about the same tint as Mrs. Pettigrew's gray hair; that her figure was less petite than "pudgy," it is my opinion that they were only girls and not above the failings of their sex. It may be that the Professor's spectacles were out of date; and I know people say that Love is blind, but I never heard that Logic was. Anyhow, the Professor's logic led him to but one conclusion, and that was that he must leave off making propositions and make a proposal.

As for Miranda—having placed herself in a state of love toward the Professor, she cultivated thrills with all her heart and with all her strength. She read that beautiful passage in Byron which says:

"Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,

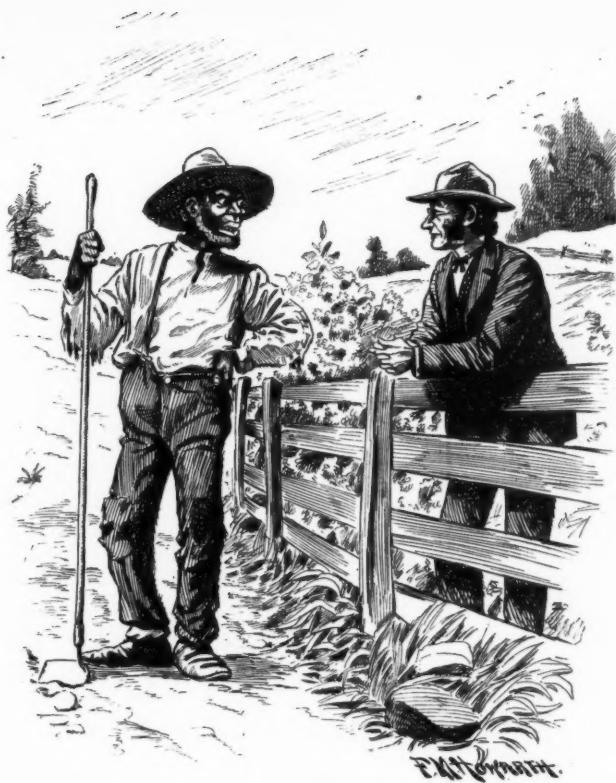
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,

Tremblings when met, and restlessness
when left."



Had she not heard him sigh? There was no doubt about that. And stolen glances? Could not those gazes through the spectacles be interpreted as stolen glances? Surely they were. And burning blushes? Well, she had felt certain burnings after dinner that very day, and she knew they were in the heart, or very close to it; and she supposed she must have blushed. Tremblings when met? Oh, yes! They were all

(Concluded on page 262, this number.)



A PLENTIFUL CROP.

STRANGER.—What are you growing, Uncle?

UNCLE SIMMS.—Growin' tired, boss; growin' tired.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"How did you cure your boy of his habit of running off to swim?"
"I happened to speak of swimming as 'bathing' one night, and he immediately took an unconquerable aversion to it."

SUCCESS ASSURED.

SHE'S TRYING on a Paris gown—
A dream of filmy laces;
And ne'er the semblance of a frown
Her airy smile displaces.

She contemplates the glossy folds
That catch the light, serenely;
Her head she at an angle holds
That makes her more than queenly.

"Success upon Commencement Day
I'll win beyond conjecture,
In this gown, with my sweet essay
On Roman Architecture."

R. K. M.



POOR PICKINGS.

CARRIE NEWS.—Have you noticed the change that's come over Mr. Van Dudell lately? Something has been preying on his mind for the last two weeks.

MAY CUTTING.—It surely must be starved by this time, whatever it is.

WHAT WAS HE TO DO?

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—You should not fight, Tommy. If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other.

TOMMY SMATHERS.—He gimme a jab on both cheeks, an' I did n't have no more to turn him.

PERFECTION.

"He's what you might call a perfect man; he never does anything wrong."

"Indeed, in that case he must be. How did he manage to acquire such perfection?"

"He never did anything."

A FLATTERING CONCLUSION.

"Are you going to the—" But before

She had the question made —

"No, dearest — sweet, my journey's o'er;
I've got to her," — he said.

M. S. B.



TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

MRS. BYERS.—All the big berries are at the top of this box, I suppose?
TOM CARTER.—Oh, no mum; some uv 'em are on top uv the other boxes.

A FATAL DEFECT.

EDITOR.—No, sir; we can not accept your story, "The Maniac Violinist." It is a good one in some respects, but it has one fatal defect.

AUTHOR.—What is that?

EDITOR.—You do not mention that his favorite instrument was "a genuine Stradivarius."

STRAWS.

Straws floating on the torrent's tide
Disclose which way the currents flow;
While, motionless, thrust 'neath the foam,
They show which way the cobblers go.

THE PERSECUTED RACE.

BROGAN.—Thim keepers at the Zoo in the Park beyant do kape an insooltin' the Oirish.

HOGAN.—Have they been givin' more av de bastes Oirish names?

BROGAN.—No, they dar's n't do that; but I heard wan av them say that the bears hibernate in the cowld weather.

MANY A MAN is sunstruck trying to make hay while the sun shines.

"BY THE WAY, Charley, have you read that book of —"

"I don't know what book you're going to name, but I know I have n't read it. Don't you know I work in the public library?"

right, those symptoms. She had thrills, and they made her tremble; and as for restlessness, why, she could hardly sit still in her temple any more.

All she was waiting for now was the direct communication of speech, and then—bliss! The very next day he intercepted her as she was going to her Summer-house. For a moment both stood and gazed, he thinking, "Shall I?" and she, "Will he?" He decided that it would be ridiculously illogical to come to a conclusion without having established any premises. So he said:

"Good-evening, Miss Myrtle."

Burning with a desire to meet him halfway, she said:

"Good-evening, Professor Jones."

"Are you in the habit of coming here at this time of the day, Miss Myrtle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, if I should come here at this time of day, also, I should meet you. There is no other possible conclusion, is there?"

"No, sir," she answered, looking at her toes, with an air of expectancy.

"Good-evening, Miss Myrtle," he said with a sigh, and passed on.

But the next night he came again. For he said, "She has been well-taught, and she will reason thus: 'If he comes again after what he said, it will be because he wishes to meet me.' Moreover, she will know that I will know that if she is there it will be because she wishes to meet me. That is thoroughly logical." And, of course, he did find her there. I do not think she made any syllogisms; but she arrived at the point in one bound, and at the Summer-house ten minutes ahead of time.

As the Professor walked toward the sacred temple of a maiden's fancy he meditated thus:

"I know that I love her; because irrefutable arguments prove it. If she is there to meet me, it will be an evidence that she receives my suit with favor. Hence it would be absurd to enter upon any courtship. It is perfectly plain that when two persons logically love one another they should make arrangements to get married. Ah! she is here waiting for me. That means that she will accept—no, that she has already accepted the situation."

After he had said "Good-evening," he gazed intently at her, and then murmured, "The argument is unshakable."

"Miss Myrtle," he said, "I believe that circumstances have made certain preliminary questions between us wholly unnecessary. Therefore, there remains but one question for me to ask you."

Miranda supposed that the love-making was now about to begin, and not knowing just how to answer the Professor's opening remarks, she took refuge in that most conservative of all replies:

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" he said, "I thought that you would agree with me. There-

fore I ask you the question—though I even have some doubts as to its logical necessity; still—as a matter of form—will you be my wife?"

Miranda was moved. She was surprised. She had looked forward to a long series of stolen meetings in that sacred temple of a maiden's fancy with the Professor gazing softly into her eyes, without his spectacles, and murmuring words of burning passion, while she had exquisite deliriums of thrills. But now, in an instant, she saw that his passion would brook no delay, and she had several large and industrious thrills as she pictured a honeymoon of tenfold length, because of this speedy proposal. So she answered:

"Yes, sir."

The Professor's face beamed with joy and satisfaction.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "Logic is infallible."

Miranda was waiting to pillow her head on his shoulder, and he kissed madly all over her eyes and lips and hair. The Professor looked at her thoughtfully. He was reasoning, this time with much confidence.

"Yes," he said, "that's the conclusion. I must kiss you."

"Yes, sir," said Miranda, while the thrills rushed about with great energy.

The Professor advanced toward her, took off his spectacles, drew his handkerchief from his pocket, carefully burnished the glasses, replaced them on his philosophic nose, thrust the handkerchief in its place, and bent to imprint a philosophic salute on Miranda's forehead. The young lady, however, supposing that her lover would seek her lips, had partly raised her face when the Professor's salute reached it, so that the osculation was bestowed upon the pinnacle of her *retroussé* nose. She was disappointed at the result, and, in a moment of thrills, threw both her arms around the Professor's neck, drew down his head and kissed him three times upon the lips. Then

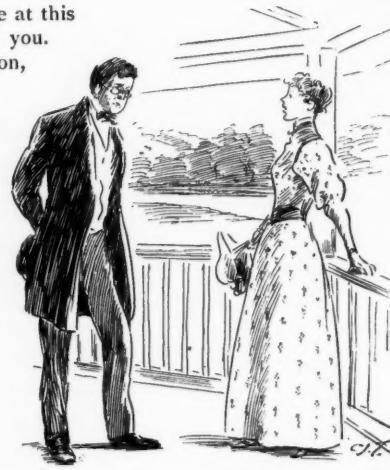
she dropped upon the seat and covered her face with her hands.

The Professor adjusted his disarranged glasses, drew out his handkerchief, blew his nose, fumbled with his watch-chain, coughed vehemently, turned around two or three times, stared hard at Miranda, dropped on the seat beside her, gently drew her hands from her face, raised her chin—and paid her back with interest.

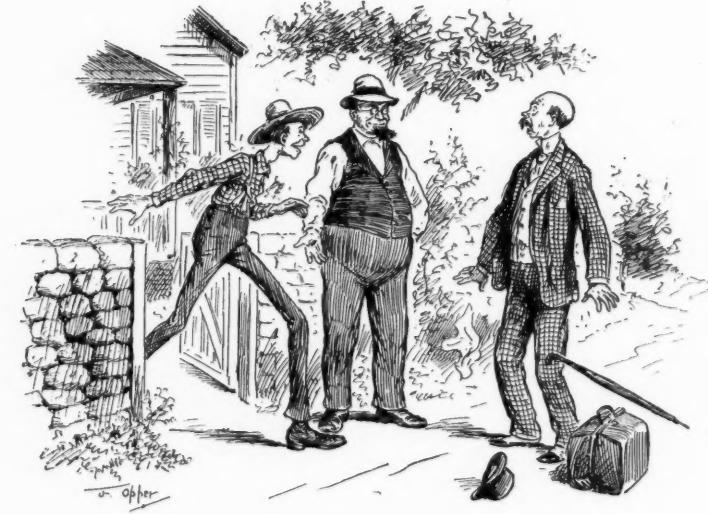
Then he laid her head upon his shoulder, put his arm around her waist, gazed at her for several minutes, and finally said, in the tone of a man who has, after long debate, reached a thoroughly convincing conclusion:

"The argument was absolutely perfect."

W. J. Henderson.



NEWLY ARRIVED BOARDER (*indignantly*)—I should like to know what you mean by advertising that your house is three minutes' walk from the station—I don't believe any human being can do it in that time!



LANDLORD.—Jest git out yer watch, Mister, while my son William proves it fur ye!



A DOMESTIC INSULT.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—I shall go home to Mother this very day.

VISITOR.—Why, what's the matter, dear?

MRS. NEWLYWED.—I made a batch of doughnuts this morning, and George is out there pitching quoits with them.

A BOOM.

EDITOR *Bungtown Bugle*.—What circulation are we claiming now?

FOREMAN.—Nine hundred.

EDITOR.—Better claim nine hundred and fifty this week. I got two new subscriptions to-day.

THE MAN who strikes for shorter hours is always willing to except the one allowed for dinner.

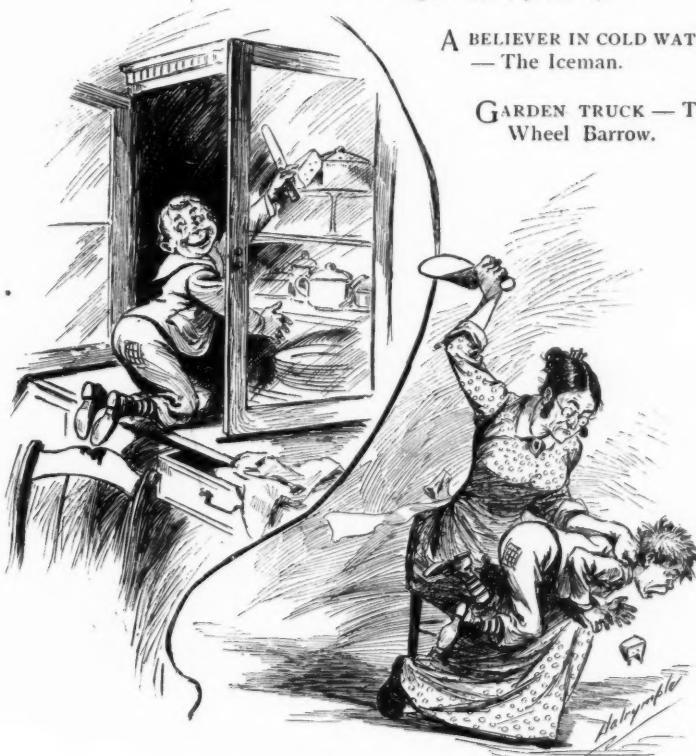
THE REASON that free baths are not more widely patronized is that no admission fee is charged.

WHAT SORT of a figure would he cut as Minister to Germany, when he does n't know a word of the language?"

"A figure nein, probably."

A BELIEVER IN COLD WATER
—The Iceman.

GARDEN TRUCK — The
Wheel Barrow.



"BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING."

A PISCENE QUERY.

TOMMY.—Can the fish see to swim right through those big breakers, Mama?

MAMA.—Yes, Tommy; why?

TOMMY.—Why, because I should think the suds would get in their eyes.

AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD.

"Going to the World's Fair, of course?"

"Yes; — self-protection."

"How so?"

"To stave off the fellows who will want to tell me all about it for the rest of my natural life."

THE MAN who would wantonly order a cocktail in a German beer saloon would go to a landscape gardener to have his teeth filled.

A SMALL BOY says if time is made of days and nights, it must be striped like a circus zebra.

INDEPENDENCE IS the inclination to mind one's own business, combined with the ability to do so.

AN ABSTRACT OF TITLE.—Rt. Hon. Ed. Lord Tibbitts, Kt. R. B.; Kt. R. G.; M. P.; & K. R. S.



EXCEPTIONS TO ALL RULES.

THE ENAMORED ONE.—Ah, Dorothy, my darling! All the world loves a lover.

SAVAGE VOICE (from top of stairs).—Dorothy! If that young idiot ain't out of this house in ten seconds I'll come down and throw him out.

OPTIONAL WITHIN LIMITS.

WAITE (at B'lueville).—I understand that this is a local option town.

NATIVE.—Yes; it's optional with you whether you take lemonade or vichy.

KEEPES 'EM OFF.

BLEEKER.—Do you have those rods on your house to protect you from lightning?

UNCLE TREETOP.—No; from lightning-rod agents.

FREE 'RAH MATERIALS—The Candidate's Round of Drinks.

MURDER TRIALS may soon turn out to be mere trials of patience.

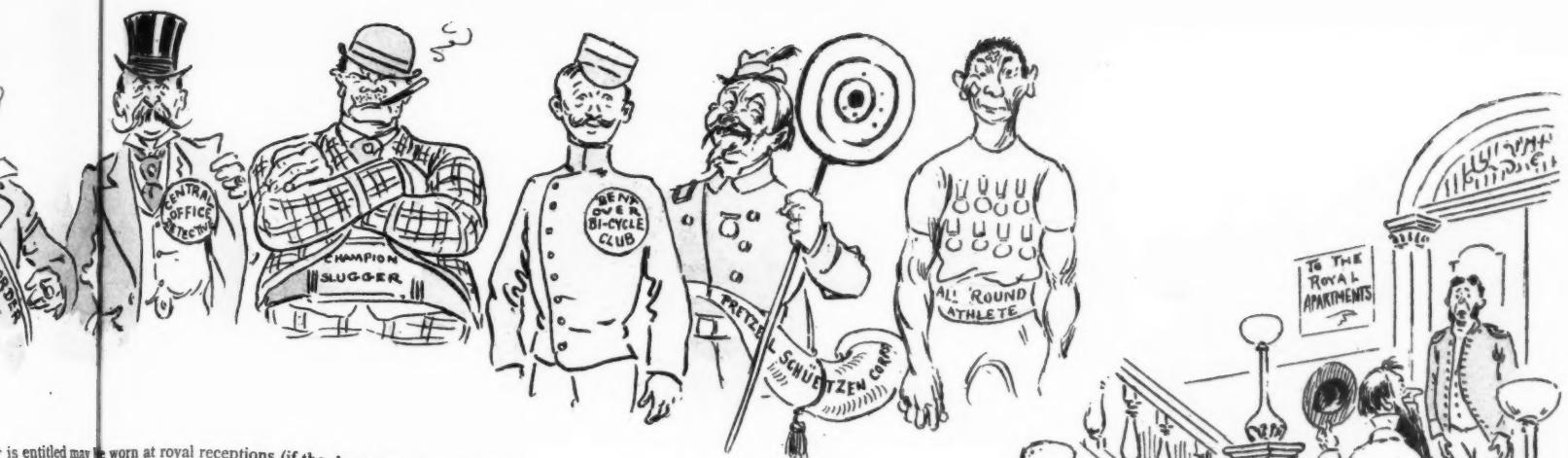


Mayors of large cities will kiss the hands of royalty. Aldermen and police justices will remove their hats and stop smoking before entering the room.



Dudes, anglo-maniacs and other title-worshippers, who have bought coats of arms and have no carriages to display them on, may carry them as they choose.

"Merchant princes," "coal barons," "oil magnates," all questions of precedence among themselves by



is entitled to be worn at royal receptions (if the door-keeper does n't object).



Members of the Farmers' Alliance, in approaching the presence of royalty, should fasten their whiskers securely, to prevent the wind from blowing through them.



"coal barons," "banana kings" and descendants of Brian Boru should decide among themselves by shaking dice.

Sensation newspaper reporters, camera fiends and other pushing people who may succeed in getting into the royal apartments, should keep quiet and not try to join in the conversation.



"93."

Any school-room in any place you please—it's the same everywhere. Almost exclusively feminine AUDIENCE, with the tallest and largest women in seats intended for the shortest and smallest pupils.

Platform occupied by:

LOCAL MAGNATES THE PRINCIPAL ASSISTANTS GIRLS OF THE CLASS BOYS OF THE SAME	} trying to look { dignified amiable at ease intellectual as if their feet did n't belong to them	} and succeeding { but poorly.
---	--	--------------------------------

THE SALUTATORIAN (concluding his address, which nobody understands except THE PRINCIPAL, who wrote it).—illustriissimi, eruditissimi, cum magna gloria—

SIMPLE SOUL (whispering).—It's all right, I s'pose; but, somehow, it sounds dreadful like swearing, don't it, Maria?

THE SALUTATORIAN.—per omnes partes republicae—

SOMEBODY.—He says he belongs to the Republican party.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—I know better—he's a Democrat. It's a shame, though, to drag politics into a speech of this kind.

THE SALUTATORIAN.—Itaque, hospites, generosissimi, qui in academia nostra hodie adestis—

LAWYER TERMEE (enthusiastically).—Noble sentiment!

DOCTOR SETON (same).—Is n't it, though? (Apart.) Some day or other I'll get that boy to translate my diploma to me.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BUTCHERS' AND BAKERS' NATIONAL BANK.—But what the dickens does it all mean, anyhow?

THE OTHERS (reprovingly).—Sh! (Aside.) Great misfortune, the lack of a liberal education!

(THE SALUTATORIAN winds up with a hail-storm of superlatives, to the joy of those who did n't pretend to know what he was talking about, and the relief of those who did. Applause. Two bouquets.)

THE PRINCIPAL (attempting to dilute his every-day ferocity).—Silence, there! I mean, give us your attention, if you please, ladies and gentlemen. Essay, "The Uses of Adversity," Miss Julia Josephine Jones.

MISS JONES (very pretty, with her elder sister's six-year-old essay and her own brand-new gown).—Whether we pore over the musty records of antiquity or bend our scrutinizing glances upon the manifold activities of this mighty modern world of ours, we must, at the conclusion of our investigations, mournfully exclaim—

HER MOTHER (panic stricken).—Good gracious, Louisa, that skirt is all one-sided! Those pins must have come out.

MISS JONES.—nevertheless, this not unnatural discouragement does not exclude some reason for felicitation, inasmuch as—

HER AUNT.—The way she stands, most of the people can't see it.

MISS JONES.—For all philosophy teaches us the great lesson that—

HER MOTHER.—It's foolishness to use pins, for half the time they won't stay stuck.

MISS JONES.—Let us not despond. The clouds of calamity may lower, the tempests of misery and misfortune may tumultuously thunder about our defenceless heads, yet—

HER SISTER.—If her hair does n't come down, I won't say a word.

MISS JONES (perorating).—And so, even an inexperienced girl may safely and confidently predict that—

HER MOTHER.—If she tries to step backward she'll trip herself up!

MISS JONES.—And all is well!

HER MOTHER (happy).—But she did n't! (Acclamations. Four bunches of roses and a basket.)

THE PRINCIPAL.—Essay, "The True Theory of an Enlightened, Equitable and Enduring Protective Policy," Master Smith.

(As SMITH irrefutably proves that no statesman understands the question; and incidentally shows that he does n't, either, we will skip him—having thus a great advantage over his listeners, who can't.)

THE PRINCIPAL (staccato).—Music—quartet, "The Summer Moon Is Softly Shining"—Misses Green and Black, Masters Brown and Gray.

MISS GREEN.—The Summer mo-o-on — The Summer mo-o-on —

MISS BLACK.—Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la!

MASTER BROWN.—The moon is soft,—the moon is soft,—the moon is softly shining!

MASTER GRAY.—The moon, the moon, the moon, the moon, the moon, the moon!

(And so on. Applause. Four encores. Flowers.)

THE PRINCIPAL.—Class history, Master Smarty.

MASTER SMARTY and HIS AMUSED SCHOOL-MATES (a simple sample selection).—that celebrated recitation of the French class on the third of last October (tee, hee, hee!) when our kind instructress (ha, ha, ha!) innocently remarked (roars of laughter) that perhaps Master Robinson (great merriment) had some unknown authority for his statement (riotous mirth) that "hors d'aüvre" (frantic hilarity) meant (convulsive cachinnations) "a work-horse!" (Prolonged and deafening applause.)

THE PRINCIPAL (irritated by some hits at himself in the preceding).—Order! Order! Stop laughing, young ladies! Keep still, boys, or I'll—that is, kindly be silent, young gentlemen. Class prophecy, Miss Pennie Scribble.

MISS SCRIBBLE (tall, pale, soulful-looking, elocutionistic).—I derreamed that I was lying up-pon-n thu ban-k uf a ber-utifull r-r-river-r-r — thu r-r-river-r-r uf ler-life — and-d th-hat, adown-n its terranquill bhosom der-rifted a mer-hultitude uf ber-right, sher-hining sher-hallop — per-precious cr-rafts, each fer-reighted with a ber-uman soul and ma-r-r-ked, eve-rr-ry one, with thu well-r-r-rember-r-red n-hame uf a mer-member uf our-der-hear old ker-lass uf ner-hinety ther-ree; and-d-d, as they fer-loated on-n and on-n and on-n — (etc., etc., etc., etc.)

CLOSE OF SPEECH OF SUPERINTENDENT (who has had to pay eleven cents fine to the Public Library for keeping the Biographical Dictionary out five weeks).—What were once Hannibal and Scipio and Caesar and Augustus and Charlemagne and Peter the Great and General Washington and Benjamin Harrison and Georges Eliot and Sand—what were they once, I say? Why, boys, my hearers, boys! And what were once Semiramis and Queen Elizabeth and Joan of Arc and Madame de Stael? Girls, my hearers, girls—or so, at least, I am credibly informed! (Sits down amid great enthusiasm.)

THE PRINCIPAL (disgusted with the whole affair, because they have n't given him the customary Rogers group).—Dismissed!

Manley H. Pike.

LINES ON ROSE.

(Written by one who was restricted as to terminals.)

1.

ON HER DOMESTICITY.

S PANTS the heart that is the roe's,
So sings sweet Rosalie, a lied;
Or in her pretty garden hoes,
Or pipes soft music, on a reed.

2.

ON HER VANITY.

She trips across the lawn, fair Rose,
Eyes follow where her footsteps lead,
And catch a glimpse of scarlet hose,
(She knows that he who runs may read).

3.

ON HER ADAPTABILITY.

To heaven's heights, the fierce flames rose,
Stone, iron, melted, just like lead;
Right hard they worked with pump and hose—
All night by flames her book she read.

4.

ON HER FEMININITY.

She planted peas, but not in rows,
Just where her errant fancy led;
I laughed at her with loud "ho, ho's"
Until she blushed a rosy red.

Chas. Battell Loomis.

TWO QUOTATIONS AND A COMMENT.

"It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." —Matt. xxi, 13.

"Now, what shall we sing? Oh! let it be the long-metre doxology, and pull out all the trumpet stops." —T. De Witt Talmage, after making a composition with the Tabernacle's creditors at twenty-three cents on the dollar.

As religion is surely an excellent thing

For people of Brooklyn to "foller,"
Let doxologies ring while we worship the King
At twenty-three cents on the dollar.

E. E. Trepolen.

DIFFERENT TYPES.

OLIVER TOWNE.—You'd hardly believe those two men were brothers.

HERAN THAYER.—Brothers? You don't say! Why, they don't look any more alike than the before-and-after pictures of a patent medicine advertisement.

AT THE KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.

CHOLLY.—I heahd a speakah say lawst night that theah is nothing noblah than being a man.

CHAPPIE.—How beastly vulgaw! My man is all right as a sehvant; but as foh his being noble—Bah!

A HIGH-CHURCH DOG.

"He's smart-lookin' fer a dog. Where d'y'e git him?"

"He came in the yard Thursday and my wife gave him some meat—that was yesterday. Today I gave him some more, and he would n't eat it. Guess he's sick."

"Naw! You jes' take him up to Father McDaniels and get the reward. I knew he was no ordinary dog."

MODERN METHODS.

NEW BUSINESS MANAGER (discussing projects for putting "Daily Relapse" on its feet).—In the first place we want to get out a paper twice the present size; then, reduce expenses by cutting telegraph down two-thirds, discharging all but two or three of the reporters, and—

MANAGING EDITOR.—But, what on earth will we fill the paper with?

NEW BUSINESS MANAGER.—Why, with coupons, of course!

PIPING HOT—The Steam Radiator.

DIVORCE IS the cold pancake of love.

THE PECK of trouble we hear so much about, if handled properly, could be easily gotten into a quart measure without knocking the bottom out.

PURELY PREVENTIVE.

MRS. DOGOOD.—I don't see why a big man like you should smoke a pipe from morning till night.

DUSTY RHODES.—It's a necessity, ma'am; in Winter I smoke to keep my whiskers from freezing, and in Summer to keep the moths out.

A FOREIGNER'S IMPRESSION.

M. PAREE.—Is not ze cognomen "Town Lots" a very common one in ze America?

WILLIAM ANN.—Not that I am aware of. Why?

M. PAREE.—Every place where I go, I see ze headboards where some man of zat name has been buried.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THE WORLD'S FAIR PUCK

is a new publication, edited, drawn, printed and bound in the PUCK BUILDING in Jackson Park, Chicago?

It is a veritable mirror of the great Fair and should be read by every one who takes an interest in the same.

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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.



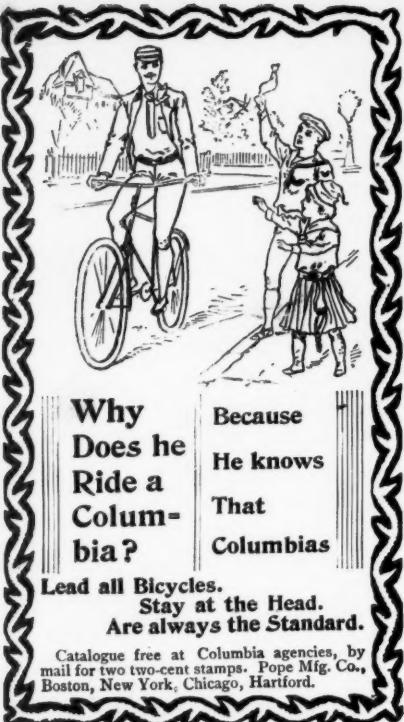
AN AWFUL FATE.

TOURIST (who has fallen over precipice and has been hanging by branch for twenty minutes).—I can hold out no longer! Good-by, wife—children—friends. Ah, 't is horrible to find a watery grave in this lonely spot! (Drops.)



TOURIST (as he strikes bottom).—Well, I'll be hanged!





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AGENTS ARE THE BEST. BICYCLE CATALOG FREE.

WANTED. Send 6 cents in Stamps for 100-page Illustrated Catalogue of Bicycles, Guns, & Sporting Goods of every description. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

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A WESTERN railroad provides a Bible in each car. The employees call them "passenger elevators." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

YOU have all seen the little thimble-sized after dinner coffee cups, that are so awkward to handle; well, that's the size of most men's cup of joy. — *Atchison Globe*.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS.

Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE OF AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

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The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to

The Armstrong Mfg. Co.,
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PRICE, 25 Cents.

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A Specific against Dyspepsia, and an Appetizer.



The wood-work — perfect; the metal parts — perfect; the strings — perfect; the action — perfect; every, even the tiniest detail — perfect; the whole is the culmination of 19th Century piano-building; and the **BEST**, the

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Chicago,
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San Francisco.

SOHMER

OFFENSIVE breath, excessive perspiration, prickly heat, oily skin. These are some of the subjects treated in a 150-page book, called Dermatology and Beauty, by John H. Woodbury, for over 20 years a specialist in skin and scalp affections. This valuable book and a sample of **WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP** for the skin, scalp and complexion, sent sealed to any address on earth for 10c. **WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP**, 3 cakes for \$1.00; Antiseptic Shaving Sticks, 25c, each; Barbers' Bars, 2 for 25c.

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Anheuser-Busch Beer will hold the post of honor at the World's Fair, it having been so decreed. The edict is by authority of the Fair Directors, and the same has been communicated to President Adolphus Busch of the Brewing Association through President Ernest Sader of the Columbian Casino Restaurant at the World's Fair grounds. Not only is the beer selected as against competition from Milwaukee, Toledo, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, and elsewhere, but the endorsement of superior quality is supplemented by an agreement to pay \$2 a barrel more for the Anheuser-Busch beer than for the next highest priced beer competing.

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.



metal
perfect;
in the
is the
build-

LIKE MAMMA

This dear little tot—this morning was caught
In trying to do like her mother:—
With Kirk's Soap—and water, she was washing
her daughter.
Like mamma did her and her brother.

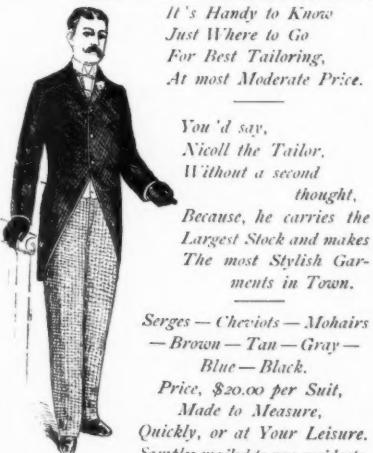
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TOILET SOAP.**

Free Dark Rooms at the World's Fair.

We have purchased the exclusive concession for a film dark room on the World's Fair grounds and are erecting a building as headquarters for Kodakers which will be completed June 1st. It will be fitted with every convenience for changing films or plates. Competent attendants will be in charge to set right anybody that may have trouble in operating the Kodak, and make any slight repairs that may be necessary. The use of the dark rooms and the attendance will be absolutely free. In fact we propose to leave nothing undone that will assist our customers in getting full value for the \$2.00 that must be paid for the privilege of making pictures on the grounds.

Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester, N. Y.

Send 5 cents for
sample World's Fair
view, 4x5 inches.



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AND 1,000 LIGHTS, \$1.00.
100,000 IN USE. SENT TO ALL
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FOLMER & SCHEWING &
MANUFACTURING CO.,
Fixtures, Etc.,
NEW YORK.

Manufacturers of Gas
271 Canal Street,



RISKY ECONOMY.

WIFE.—But, my dear, we can't afford to stay home from the shore this Summer.
HUSBAND (*in surprise*).—Good heavens! can't afford it? Why, we owe the butcher, the laker, the candlestick-maker and everybody else, and have n't a cent to pay them with.

WIFE.—Yes; but if they saw we could n't afford to go away they would come down on us for the money, and we would have to go either into bankruptcy or starve to death.

La Flor De Vallens & Co. Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.

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THAT

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If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.

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Pears' Soap softens and smoothes, encourages action of the skin, and this is health to the skin.

Wait for us, ready in June.

TROKONETS.

The very best and most reliable hand-cameras ever made. No faulty rolled film, no glass plates to break; still glass plates can be used.

Film lies flat, development a pleasure.

Slightly touch the lever, and a picture is taken.

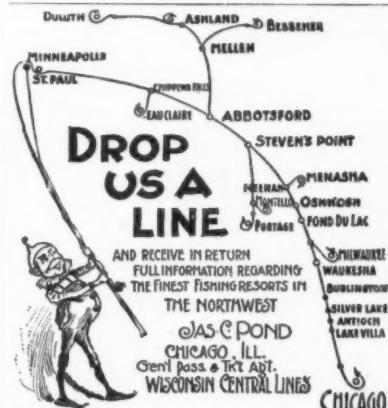
The loading of a TROKONET with 35 films is but the work of a moment.

Take a Trokonet with you to The World's Fair, and you can feel assured of successful pictures. All Photographic Dealers will sell them. Trokonet catalogue free on application.

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4-ply Linen Collar, any size or style, sent on receipt of

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BRILL BROS.,
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Pickings from Puck
9th Crop, 25 cents.

makes a specialty of high-class gold bonds, paying 6% interest.

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Every Meal-Time

*At Breakfast—a Strengthener.
At Luncheon—a Comfort.
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Rex Brand Cudahy's Extract of BEEF

is always relished. It is the preserved nutriment of pure, lean beef—health-giving and delicious. Makes the most appetizing Soups, Gravies, Beef Tea, Etc.

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839

Back-Numbers of PUCK'S LIBRARY are never "out of print."

"I HATE serial stories in magazines," said she.
"Why?" he asked.
"Because," she replied, "you can never tell how they are going to turn out till you've read 'em through." — *Harper's Bazaar*.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if it is "the correct thing to eat shad with a fork only." It would be safer to eat it with a sieve.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A GREAT deal of repentance nowadays is done in broadcloth and ashes of roses, instead of sackcloth and ashes.—*Texas Siftings*.



A Cup of Bouillon
can be made in three minutes, thus:
take a cup of boiling hot water, stir in a quarter teaspoon (not more) of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef,

Then add an egg—and some sherry if liked—season carefully.



I KEEP COOL
inside, outside, and all the way through,
Hires' Root Beer
This great Temperance drink;
is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

All babies cry alike, but all men do not talk alike. All new varnishes look alike, but they soon begin to differ. Some fade and spot and blur; some grow richer and keep their glassy polish and their smooth hard surface.

Our "People's Text-Book"—sent free—will tell you which is which.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President,
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.



CUPID'S FUN.

ANACREON (at his door).—Ah, you young rascal, I see through your disguise!
CUPID (as messenger-boy).—May be this letter will heal your wound. I believe the lady says she "will be a sister to you." Bye-bye!

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer
Acts as a bracer—Trial bottle 10c.

Many attempts have been made to present a suitable Shoulder Brace, all of which, however, were objectionable in some respects, thus preventing their coming into general use. In the Knickerbocker all objections have been overcome. For further particulars see advertisement.

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Now or 2d hand; lowest prices, largest stock; makers & oldest dealers in U. S. We sell everywhere. *Cata. free. House, Hazard & Co. 66 G St., Peoria, Ill.*

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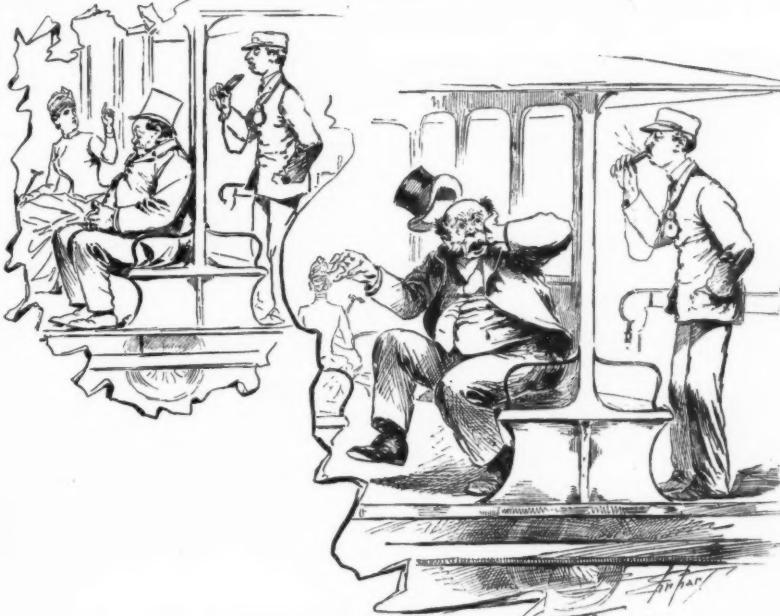
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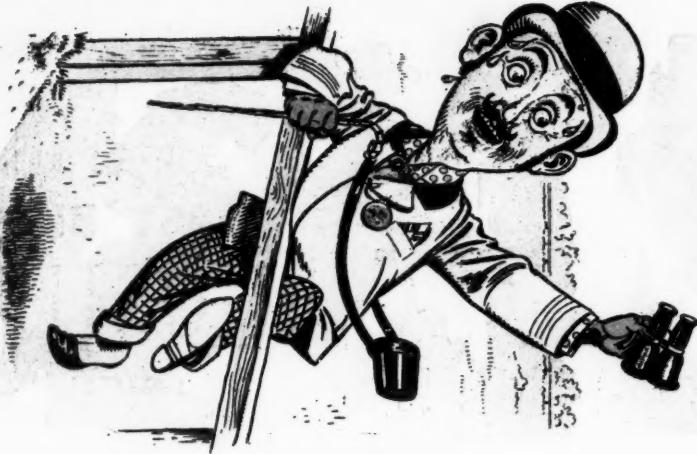
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V.
Now they're almost at the quarter — each fierce-
panting, flying, sted;

Now they're at the half — the stretch — with

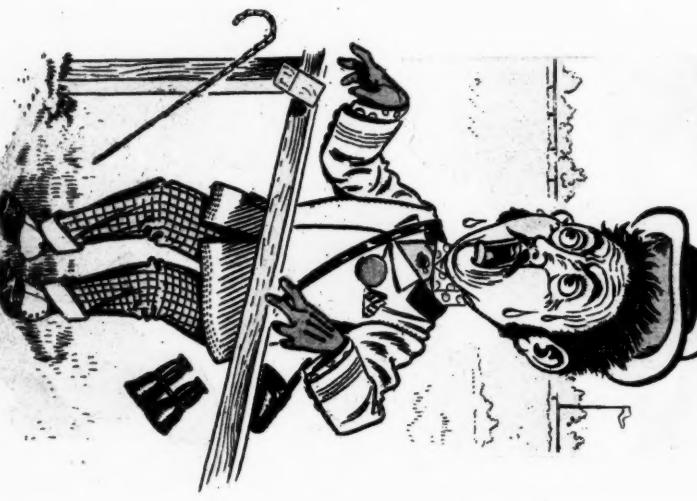
Jayson's "Chrono" in the lead.



VI.
"Chrono wins! It's Chrono!" cries the
sanguine Jayson, all a-fire;

"He'll win the race by a full length," — and

now they have neared the wire.



VII.
"But, look there! See! See!" — "Chrono"

stumbles — down on the track he goes;

"Slippy Weather," passes easily, and wins

it by a nose.



VIII.
Jayson ground his teeth in baffled rage, the
ticket up he tore.

And now he sings this sad refrain: "I'll

never go there any more."



I.
"It's a dead-sure cinch," the tout explained,
with sly and eager faces;

"Put your money up on 'Chrono,'" for he's
sure to win de race."



II.
"I put up twenty-five on 'Chrono!'" cried
Jayson through the din.

The Clerk made out the ticket and the
"Bookey," raked the tin.



III.
"Why, it's just like finding money!" the joyous
Jayson cried.

As he put the precious ticket in a pocket safe,



IV.
Down goes the flag: "They're off! They're off!"
— Jayson glues his eager eyes
To the glasses that enable him to see how
"Chrono" flies.

JAYSON'S VISIT TO THE TRACK.

F. W. MONKTON.